

Sunday  
Exopus N.Y.  
Sept 29, 1878

Dear Walt:

I return your  
English paper, I was much  
interested in the Times article.  
How well these fellows write.

I see the great Dr Holland  
has disposed of you again in  
the October Scribner. — You  
& Poe & Thoreau — in a  
paragraph. I think you  
might let Dr Holland alone.  
You seem to worry him  
a good deal.

The picture you sent

Smith fills my eye completely.  
It is one of the few successful  
picture of you that I have  
seen - the best of the hat photos.  
I wish you would send me  
one.

Smith was away when the  
picture came attending his  
sick brother, who has since died  
- an event that has saddened  
me much. He was younger  
than Smith & a most attractive  
young fellow. He worked at my  
father's & had done so for two  
years. He was about the best  
specimen of a young Country  
farm hand I ever knew.  
You would have loved him.



He was like one of your poets  
With his great strength, his robust  
health, his blond hair, his cheerfulness  
& contentment, his universal good  
will & his silent many ways  
he was a youth hard to watch  
& to know him was to love  
him. He was murdered by  
an old doctor. He had the  
typhoid fever & the old fool  
bled him twice, He lived to  
wear out the fever, but had not  
strength to rally. He was out of  
his head nearly all the time. In  
the morning as he died in the  
afternoon, Smith was standing  
over him when Charlie put up  
his arm around Smith's neck  
& pulled his face down to him  
& kissed him. Smith said he

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knew then the end was near,  
Sincerely stuck to him day & night till the last.  
When I was home in August he  
was cradling on the hill, & it  
was a picture to see him walk  
through the grain. All work  
seemed play to him. He had  
no vices any more than nature  
has & was beloved by all who  
knew him. I have written thus  
to you about him, for such  
young men belong to you; he was  
of your kind, I wish you could  
have known him. He had the  
sweetness of a child & the strength  
& courage & manliness of a young  
viking. His mother & father are  
poor; they have a rough hard  
farm. His mother works in the field  
with her husband when the work  
presses. She has had 12 children, &  
lost 6 of them. But I must stop.  
He is well. The baby grows finely.  
Send me a picture if you have one  
John Burroughs.

29 These are the Gilchrist's.  
1902